Impressions of Americans As Seen by London's Bishop

Great British Church Dignitary Delighted With What He Saw of United States and Canada.

By THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

IT has been what the Americans call a "strenuous time." During the forty days I was on the other side I delivered well over forty sermons, addresses, or speeches, and, in one sense, my annual "holiday" developed into a "mission;" but it was a mission which from start to finish received such a delightful response that it has left no sense of undue strain or weariness behind.

To see Quebec for the first time as you round the bend of the beautiful St. Lawrence is certainly a moment in your life, and immediately I saw it I felt that there was only one text possible for my sermon next day in the cathedral—"A city set on a hill cannot be hid."

Then another thing which I must notice was the welcome I received from the French-Canadians. They seemed touched from the start by my public recognition of the splendid work done by the French Jesuit missionaries and nuns in the early days, both at Quebec and Montreal, and showed their loyalty to the empire, and their welcome for me, who had come in a friendly spirit to visit them. French Canada is as loyal as ever to the British crown, and although it is certainly curious to be in a place like Quebec, six-sevenths of which is French and Roman Catholic, it is very gratifying to find that under the genial guidance of men like the governor general and the bishop of Quebec, both races and both branches of the Church get on so well together.

Ate Corn on Cob.

At Ottawa Sir Wilfrid Laurier came to the club luncheon, sat by my side, showed me how to eat a Canadian corn "cob," and expressed himself much interested and even affected by the account of the slums in old London.

From Ottawa we went to Toronto, one of the fairest cities in the world, and found the great University Convocation Hall crowded to hear how the Old Country—especially the church of the Old Country—was gone on.

From Toronto we went to London. No adequate account has yet been given of the really remarkable celebration in "St. Paul's Cathedral, London," of the jubilee of the diocese of Huron. The service was excellently arranged, and the whole thing was so reminiscent of the celebration of the thirteenth hundred anniversary of our own diocese in 1904, that I took the same text which I took on that occasion.

After a delightful rest of a few days with my brother on a real Canadian farm, where, however, 1,200 farmers and their wives turned up one afternoon to welcome me, and during the Sunday of which stay I preached in the little township of Aylmer, I went on for my final Canadian visit to Niagara.

Met by an Escort.

Although fifty clergy, headed by the Bishop of western New York, had come to the meeting to escort me afterward across the river into the United States, and it was impossible to help quoting the old words with a new meaning—

Religion stands on tiptoe on our land,
Waiting to pass to the America stand,

we settled to have a real Canadian evening for our last one, and certainly we did. I never succeeded in learning the tune of "The Maple Leaf for Ever," but that and "God Save the King," and our beautiful church hymns went up from a really enthusiastic gathering, and "Good-by to Canada" was ended by a rush to the platform to shake hands.

LORD INGRAM,
Bishop of London, Who Was Delighted With His Visit to America.

Thus ended the first part of the expedition and left me with a great idea not only of the love of Canada for the Old Country and for anyone who came from it, but of its boundless possibilities.

After the great warmth and enthusiasm of our welcome in Canada, I think that I unconsciously expected to find a difference in crossing the border, but I cannot honestly say that such was the case. After being hospitably entertained by the Bishop of Western New York at Buffalo on the night after the Niagara meeting, we went through to New York, and after a delightful day's rest on Long Island I preached my first sermon in the United States the next day in Trinity Church, New York, close to the famous Wall street, and itself the oldest and richest ecclesiastical corporation in New York.

Church Was Crammed.

The huge church was crammed from end to end, but the scene afterward beggars description. The crowd was so enormous outside, anxious to shake hands and take snapshots that two friends had to get on each side of me, and, with the help of the police, we reached the carriage.

From New York we went to Washington, and here the real business for which I had come over began. I do not refer to my game of tennis with the President, although, if you were to believe some newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic, this was the primary object of my visit to America. How that friendly game became so famous I have never been able to discover; there never was a single combat between us, as the kindly President thought I should have more fun in a "four" game, but Mr. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior, and I played against the President and Mr. Cooley, Assistant Attorney General, and when, after a most exciting game, our side won, the Washington Post—a name which always reminds me of the annual children's dance at Fulham—was quite correct when it said "the President looked as pleased as if he had seen a man with twenty children," a sight which is supposed especially to gratify his patriotic soul.

President Most Interesting.

With regard to the President himself, I feel it would be impertinent to say more than I ventured to say at the farewell dinner given to me in New York afterward, that "he was one of the most interesting and stimulating personalities it had ever been my fortune to meet, and that he had the great tact of a host in giving you the impression on leaving the White House that you had left behind a personal friend."

It is certainly true that I left the United States after my visit to them with an enhanced affection and admiration for the great people who inhabit them.

I believe that the supposed "ill-feeling" toward our country, of which one hears in certain books, is greatly exaggerated, and what there is is rapidly passing away with more frequent intercourse and the kindling of many friendships on both sides of the Atlantic.

FORTUNE FOR JUST A CIPHER

WOULD you like to earn a fortune?

A nice, large, comfortable fortune—not one of the swollen kind, like those of Rockefeller or the heir of Monte Carlo, or a common copper king, so embarrassing in the way of publicity, but just a fortune of the satisfactory variety, such as one imagines ought to be enough for him when he is building air castles at the age of thirty, before the second baby has arrived.

About $50,000 or $100,000.

Well, invent an undecipherable cipher for the wireless telegraph. Then collect the money—from any government on earth, but especially from France, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States.

Puzzles, cryptograms, ciphers—all belong to what Wilkie Collins designated the detective instinct that is born in us. As it is, there must be some millions of experts in the United States, their appetites whetted by prizes ranging from 10 cents to $5, who are prepared to pit themselves against the secret, tortuous ways and means of the chancellaries of Europe, for the protection of the Marconi wireless messages of diplomacy and war.

There is the great opportunity for the cipher deviser; there is the waiting fortune.

When Marconi demonstrated the main fact that he could transmit messages through bare space, industry saw in his discovery one of the triumphs of the age, and science one of the wonders of the era.

But government discerned the future victories of war. Science proved correct, and industry was only partially disappointed. But government—well, here is what happened to government:

"Paris, Nov. — The French ministry has received striking proof of the possibility of intercepting wireless messages. Yesterday, copies of all messages exchanged by the war office and General Drude at Casablanca were received from Verdun, a military station near the German frontier.

"They had all been recorded at the government station at Verdun. The fact that official messages can thus be intercepted during a campaign has given the military authorities much uneasiness."

Unless some undecipherable cipher is devised, the wireless telegraph stands to be as useless for government purposes as it promised to prove useful, for messages which can be picked up anywhere are even less private than are those that can be unhooked only from a line of wire that the opposition must get hold of.

But if it can be devised, there is not a power of the first class which would not give a fortune for exclusive possession of it.

Today all governments rely upon certain ciphers, which, they declare, are undecipherable. But every one of them, since the time of Lord Clarendon, has endured under the uneasy sensation that its own, peculiar, private, absolutely undecipherable cipher is, to its astute rivals, as easy to figure out as some of the puzzle advertisements of proprietary articles.

Now, who can help Marconi, and win a fortune by doing so?

THE TURN OF THE YEAR.

The pines shake and the winds wake
And the dark waves crowd the sky-line!
The birds fly out on a troubler sky;
The widening road lies white and long,
And the page is turned,
And the world is tired!
So I want no more of twilight sloth,
And I want no more of resting,
And of all the earth I ask no more
Than the green sea, the great sea,
The long road, the white road,
And a change of life today!
—Arthur Stringer, in Everybody's Magazine.

Emotional Love Poetess Making Home in Capital; Her Books Breathe Fire

MRS. RUTH CROSBY DIMMICK.

POETIC IDEAS, PRETTILY TOLD, PROCLAIM HER

OUTSIDE of literary circles, few know that Washington has a poetess of emotion living in her environs in the person of Mrs. Ruth Crosby Dimmick, wife of Lieut. Col. Edward J. Dimmick, but such is the fact, and her writings have gained a fame that approaches that of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox and other noted poetesses and essayists.

Mrs. Dimmick is not a native Washingtonian, for she claims Oshkosh, Wis., as her birthplace, and it is the same city that gave the world Mrs. Wilcox. The Dimmicks have come to Washington to make their home here permanently, and here Mrs. Dimmick will continue to write her inspired poems of passion and stories of folklore.

It was "Poems of Emotional Love" more than any other, through which Mrs. Dimmick gained her greatest prominence, and the volume speaks loudy as to her ability in verse writing. The poems show the writer to be something of an idealist, and yet withal a dreamer, whose imagination is vivid and whose thoughts, while lofty, are steeped in the fire of passion.

Mrs. Dimmick began to write early, and her first efforts were contributed to New York, St. Louis and Chicago papers. Since then she has written many children's stories and much fugitive verse, besides more serious productions in poetry and prose.

Among the books for the little ones her best is the "Bogie Man" and "A Trip With Mother Goose," parts of which are as entertaining as any of the lamented Eugene Field's lullaby verse.

"Mythological Tales in Verse," "Mythological Love Tales," "Mythological Gods and Their Doings," and "Poems of Emotional Love" are her most pretentious volumes.

Among her best verse, in "Poems of Emotional Love," is this one, entitled "Longing:"

"If, on this night of darkness, I could see
Through the dim light, your face look out at me,
Or if your voice but faintly I could hear,
Low, as of old, upon my famished ear,
Longing would cease.

"If I could hold you for a little while
Close in my arms, sweetheart, and see you smile,
Or if your lips but softly I might touch,
Whose sweetness, dear, I, knowing, miss so much,
'Twould bring me peace."

DAWSON PRICES.

High prices continue to rule in Dawson City, which is probably the most expensive town in the world. It is a thriving place, with a population of over 8,000, with warehouses, churches, banks, electric lights, wholesale and retail stores, and two up-to-date newspapers. The newspapers themselves are worthy of consideration in the light of expense, for they cost 25 cents a copy. At this time of the year three eggs ordered in a restaurant cost $1.50, while a caribou steak costs $1. Beer is worth $1 a bottle, and champagne $10.50 a quart.

CHINAMEN AS HOME BUILDERS

ACCORDING to a recent report from Consul W. T. Gracey, at Esingtau, the average Chinaman is never certain that he will have a home after a storm or a severe rain. While the Celestials are pioneers in some fields, their methods of building remain extremely primitive, as the following article, translated from a German newspaper by the consul will show:

The Chinese get along with very little and have few desires, especially when it comes to a house to live in. It must be admitted that the native architects can put up solid, and, to a certain extent, beautiful structures, but these are the rare exception and not the rule. The dwellings are generally primitive and not durable.

The Chinese do not understand the building of arches. The most they attempt is a simple arch in bridges or doors, but even here it is necessary for them to first erect a mud-brick support for the arch, the former being torn away when the latter is completed.

The great mistake made in walls is the poor binding between the outside layers, there often being hollow spaces in the middle, which are only filled with loose dirt or crushed rock if they are filled at all. When it rains this interior filling gets wet, it settles, and the wall is wedged apart from the bottom.

It thus often happens that the outer walls of a house collapse, while the inner ones, which have not been wet, remain standing.

The usual preventive for collapsing houses is to rest the beams and roof timbers on wooden posts, which are built into the walls and completely surrounded by the masonry. Thus when the walls give way these pillars hold up the roof and keep the whole house from coming down on the occupants.

In the case of two-story buildings these wooden frameworks are always built before the masonry work is started. The use of mortar is also very faulty. The commonly used mortar consists of finely slaked lime, with no addition whatever of quartz sand, but for cases of economy the lime is often adulterated with very fine river sand.

The mason tests the soundness of every brick by hitting it with his knife-shaped trowel, and, like every Oriental tradesman, works slowly. Where stones are used, they are always fitted into proper place on the outside and are brought to rest in the proper place by having little stones put underneath them. As in the case of a mud wall, the hollow part between the two outside layers is filled with stone. Only the outside edges are filled with mortar, and the danger of collapsing in time is always present.

Solid houses of burnt brick are usually not found in the country, but in the cities and larger market villages, because only the wealthy can afford them. The great masses are content in stable-looking dwellings, whose floor is the earth, whose walls are mud and whose roofs are straw. The usual house is divided into three equal parts by two beams crossing it horizontally on top of the masonry walls. In the case of houses with straw roofs, a light framework is placed on these beams. To protect the roof from wind, it is often weighted down with large stones.

In the great plains the farmhouses are made entirely of mud with flat roofs. Here the crossbeams rest on two main dividing beams. On top of this is placed a layer of sorghum straw, and that is then covered over with loess. Such roofs need yearly renewing. They are built so that they can be used to defend the farms, the walls being some three feet higher than the roof, so in times of need the men can go on to them armed, and thus fight from a sort of parapet. Because the rains are very disastrous to these walls, they are often strengthened with a layer of tiles on the outside.

THE WHITE STREAK OF DISASTER

(Continued from First Page.)

Jim. It's a sanctuary; I contributed the palms myself and the crowd's too decent to intrude on conferences which may be held under them."

Elsford took his seat and looked around thoughtfully. Grafton called one of the several waiters who seemed to perpetually hover in his neighborhood and murmured an order. When the tall, cold bottle appeared in the offing, he lighted a cigar and settled back with a contented sigh.

"What are you watching, Jim?"

"You," said Elsford. "You seem to be showing up in a new light, after all these years."

"Which means that, remembering me as a poor young man with one suit of clothes and the deeds to the Lord only knew how much worthless property from dad's estate, you are somewhat surprised to turn up here and find the entire town offering me the gladdest kind of a hand, eh?"

"Yes," said Elsford frankly. "Something of the sort was in my mind. I knew—we all knew—that you had the sort of stuff in you that succeeds, out to drop down on you and find you—er—like this!"

Grafton leaned his elbows upon the table and laughed.

"Well, I don't wonder at your astonishment, Jim. It has been a bit surprising when you come to think of it, although it seemed natural and easy enough as it came. She's moved ahead sure enough—Kenyonville has."

"And you've done most of the moving!"

Grafton studied his cigar for a moment.

"Oh, I've done nothing very spectacular, Jim. It was more luck than anything else, I suppose, although I haven't balked at hustling whenever it seemed necessary. Of course, for a beginning I had those five or six acres of land on what was then the outskirts of Kenyonville."

"I remember. They were supposed to be very nearly worthless."

"Yes, and I fancy that they were very nearly worthless when dad bought them, although he believed otherwise. However, that was all he left, and when he was gone I had nothing to tie me down to Chicago—"

"Except a girl," interrupted Elsford.

"True," laughed Grafton, "but the girl has been Mrs. Grafton, of Kenyonville, for eight years or so now."

"Gad! All things go your way, don't they? Go on, John."

"Well, I came down here to see what the property was and what could be done with it, and here I stayed. They put the railroad through here and the county seat went all to pieces. The country opened up more and more every year and people began to move in by the hundreds; then the factories began to build and they've never ceased since. It's been a great boom even for the Middle West."

Grafton paused and stared thoughtfully at the table.

"I sold out the suburban property when it had increased about 300 per cent in value, and bought more. Pretty soon I took the notion of building and went in for that, and—well, as you might say without exaggeration, it paid for the time and trouble, Jim."

"And then—?"

"Well, one fine day a couple of years ago I began to slow down and take notice of things. And I found that I was pretty near to being rich. Something like half of this town seemed to belong to me, in one way or another.

"I owned a dozen first-class apartment houses, several mighty good business blocks, a good portion of the electric lighting stock, the biggest hotel in the place, and a few more odds and ends—they were all paying fairly well. People were beginning to insist on running me for mayor on both tickets, and all that sort of thing. It was a big satisfaction, I can assure you."

"I should say it must have been!"

"Well, I didn't want the mayoralty, or anything else in politics, but it did seem that the time for a little rest and relaxation had arrived. I just took to leaving the house late in the morning and going home early, and since then I've been gaining flesh."

He ended with another chuckle. Elsford leaned over and knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"And the finest house in town, at that!" he muttered. "You've been a lucky cuss, John."

"Reasonably so, thanks."

"Boss practically of the liveliest little city in the West!" Elsford went on, meditatively. "Owner of half the outfit, or better—lights, houses, hotels, offices and all! I presume that the trolley cars belong to you as well?" he concluded, with some dryness.

Grafton sat up suddealy.

"Well, not exactly, Jim, but—"

"Eh."

"You're not so very far off, however. I did finance the road."

"Really?"

"Yes, a fellow named George Colson—he's lived here for several years—first conceived the idea of a really satisfactory trolley system for our city. His plans seemed pretty good in every respect, and he wanted to raise the money privately rather than go to the expense and bother of peddling a stock issue."

"And you put up the cash?"

"Yes."

"How much?" asked Elsford, bluntly.

"Well—" Grafton smiled faintly. "Seven million dollars!"

"Phew!" The visitor sat back and stared. Grafton's smile broadened.

"Where did I raise it?" he murmured.

"I didn't say that, John."

"No, but I'll bet you thought it, nevertheless. Well, it was a tight old squeeze, but I set out to do it, and I did do it. I mortgaged about every last thing I own on earth for every last cent anyone would loan on it to raise that $7,000,000 for our little trolley road!"

"And handed it over to Colson?"

"Well, of course."

"Was it wise, John?"

"Well, why wasn't it?" said Grafton, tolerantly. "Remember that I'm tolerably well acquainted with conditions hereabout. We needed the road, and that was the best and most economical way to build it, from our point of view. Now she's built and giving eminent satisfaction, and a big public necessity has been supplied."

The Sykscraper.

"I was questioning the wisdom of handing it all over to one man to manage, however."

"Colson? Oh, he's all right, Jim. I've known him for several years and his connections are first-class. He's made a good job with the road, too—it's paying finely, and has from the start."

"Um." Elsford stroked his beard. "And the final settlement with Colson is only three days off—so you needn't worry," laughed Grafton. "Today's the 18th of May, isn't it? Yes, of course. Well, Colson settles up all the affairs on the 21st."

"And he's going to take up his securities then for the whole seven million?"

"Yes; I'm holding his notes and bonds for them. Two days after tomorrow things will resume their old footing, so far as my investments are concerned."

"Well—you're to be congratulated, John. You've cut out a wonderfully successful career for yourself."

"Bosh! But— Oh, Elsford!" Grafton's face lit up suddenly. "I've never told you about the best of all my stunts, have I?"

"Eh? And what is that?"

"The Grafton building."

"The Grafton building? What is it?"

"It's an office building, Jim, and you won't find its equal between here and Chicago, I'll guarantee! Why, my little building includes every blamed improvement that's been thought up!"

Elsford laughed in turn.

"Well, let's hear about that, too."

"In the first place, she's made of granite—ten stories high! There was a great call here among some of the best business men for a really up-to-date structure, and when I went to work to give it to them I called a council of the whole crowd and embodied all their views that were feasible. We've got a steel frame from the foundations to the roof. We've got our own contract with the lighting company, by which we get electricity twenty-four hours every one of the 365 days.

"We've got the finest system of ventilating that was ever put into a business house. We sweep the rooms by a vacuum system. We own the best heating system that money could buy. We've got the four best electric elevators that could be built."

"Good gracious!" cried Elsford. "It's enough to induce a man to move to Kenyonville and set himself up in business, John. Anything else?"

"Yes, there is something else—also a rather modern improvement."

"And that is a restaurant—or perhaps it is a roof garden, John?"

"Neither the one nor the other. It happens to be a mail chute."

"Good!"

"Not only that, but it's the most complete mail chute that was ever installed anywhere—or so the builders assured me. Instead of having a single slot on each floor, I had them arranged to branch out on every story. In the Grafton building it isn't necessary for a man to walk the length of the hall to post his letter—he just steps outside his office door, drops her into the chute, and returns to the job of making millions, serenely confident that his letter landed in the mail box downstairs within three or four seconds."

Grafton sat back. Elsford shook his head.

"You seem to have made a pretty thorough job of it, John."

"Did the best that lay within me—and it's a big satisfaction. Why, that office building of mine has been mentioned among architects and held up for a commendable model during the last year as far east as New York."

"Well—it's a pity I'm not stopping over. I should like to have inspected the wonder."

"Indeed it is," agreed Grafton. "I'd be mighty glad to have you look her over and give an opinion. I know that you would— Why, Elsford!"

He seemed to have been struck by a sudden thought.

"Well?"

"There's nothing on earth to prevent our going down now and looking at her, is there?"

"At half-past eleven at night?"

"Why not? The current is there for the lights and the elevators, and all that."

"But—"

Elsford hesitated vaguely before the idea of such a visit at such an hour.

"Nonsense! You may not have another chance in—I don't know when; and it's really worth the trip, to a business man. Come, Jim."

Elsford rose slowly. The crowd of waiters perceived that Kenyonville's big man was leaving the precincts of the club, and forthwith the overcoats appeared swiftly.

"Light, sir? Shall I call your machine, sir?"

Grafton held his cigar in the taper.

"Thanks, no, Henry. I sent it home. Well, Jim—ready?"

They moved toward the door, and the crowd flocked around again to bid good-night to Grafton and his friend. The obsequious Thomas performed his function with the usual bow. A chorus came after Grafton:

"Good-night! Good-night! Coming back here again, Grafton?"

Kenyonville's important citizen turned in the doorway to call back:

"No, sir. When Elsford has seen my office building I'm going to turn in for a good, long sleep."

Wherein, as will be seen, Grafton unwittingly told a flat falsehood.

CHAPTER II.

A Streak of White.

Grafton and Elsford walked briskly away from the Kenyonville Club waited a moment at the corner for the car, which came promptly, to uphold Kenyonville's trolley service, and rode the few blocks to the heart of the business district.

At the corner of New street they alighted, and Grafton laid a hand on his companion's shoulder.

"Well—see it, John?"

"Do I see it?" Elsford was gazing upward at the huge black mass of stone and steel rising to towering heights half way down the block. "It's a whopper—this office building of yours."

"Eighty-five feet on the front and just a little short of a hundred and fifty deep," said its builder proudly. "And every cubic inch inside of it is honest worth, too. Now for a look at the interior."

The outer swinging doors were open. Grafton fitted a key to the inner lock and with hardly a sound the portal opened.

The very faint sound, however, was not unheeded within. Almost before the latch had snapped again a thickset man of middle-age came hurriedly forward from the dim illumination at the rear of the hall.

"Oh—it's you, sir!"

"Seems to be," smiled Grafton. "Everything going well as usual, Parker?"

"Just the same, sir."

"Been through the place within the hour?"

"There's the clock, sir."

"He seemed to be on hand soon enough," smiled Elsford.

"He's always on hand—that's why he's here. I'd venture to say that it would be a flat impossibility for a man or beast to enter this building between 7 o'clock in the evening and 6 in the morning unknown to Parker."

"And still" said Elsford, "without wishing to say a word against Parker, it's not always well to be so certain, John."

"Isn't it?" laughed Grafton.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)